



The Jolly Ringers

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

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OFT has the world been well defin'd,
By sayers and by fingers,
I call't a belfrey, and mankind
I call the jolly ringer;
Thro' major bobs, and triple bobs,
Each emulously ranges,
And while each anxious bosom throbs,
All try to ring the changes.

These college youths are sent to school,
And afterwards to college,
And thence return, by square and rule,
Well vers'd in human knowledge;
A genius leads, to cram his maw,
Each art's close labyrinth ranges,
And on religion, physic, law,
Completely rings the changes.

The fortune-hunter swears and lies,
And courts the widow's jointure,
Then with a richer heiress flies,
Nor minds to disappoint her;
The widow too has her arch whim,
Nor thinks his conduct strange is,
A titled heir succeeds to him,
And thus she rings the changes.

The waiter pillages the Greek,
The Greek the spendthrift fleeces,
The spendthrift makes dad's fortune squeak,
Dad rick rents and grants leases;
The errand's break, Gazette reports,
Each difference arranges,
Till pro and con, thro' all the courts,
The lawyer rings the changes.

Thus like the bells, each fear and hope
Hangs wav'ring and suspended,
All tag away, while some a rope
Get more than they intended;
In merry cadence as they roll,
We'll rove where reason ranges,
Nor shall the bell of sadness toll,
Till Death shall ring the changes.

